that same gladness which had mingled

with her own sorrow over Uncle

Benny, that his father was gone-gone

from his guilt and his fear and his

disgrace? Or would be resent that

death which thus left everything un-

explained to him? He would be look-

ing at the ring. That, at least, must

bring more joy than grief to him. He

would recognize that it must be his

mother's wedding ring; if it told him

that his mother must be dead, it would

teil him that she had been married, or

Suddenly she heard him calling her.

Miss Sherrill!" his voice had a shorp

She burried toward the sun room

She could see him through the door-

He straightened; he was very pair.

Would coins that my father had in

She ran and bent beside him over

the coins. "Twenty years!" she to-

of the coins now herself; the mars nes

mained to make plain the date.

made them out. Her voice husbed

queerly. "What does it mean?" size

He turned over and re-examined list

"There are two sets of times

he concluded. "The mult

articles with hands suddenly ston-

and paper of directions they

longed to my father. The other things

months that they've lain in sand an

water to become worn like this, it's

twenty years. My father can't have

had these things; they were some

where else, or some one else had then

He wrote his directions to that per

son-after June twelfth, he said so it

was before June twelfth he wrote it

might have been in February, when he

disappeared; it might have been any

time after that. But if the directions

were written so long ago, why weren't

the things sent to you before this?

Didn't the person have the things

them? Or-was it the instructions to

send them that he didn't have? Or, if

he had the instructions, was he walt-

ing to receive word when they were

to be sent? You thought these things

proved my father was dead. I think

they prove he is alive! Oh we must

He pared up and down the room; she

he said

sank into a chair, watching him. "The

suddenly, "Is to find out about the

watch. What is the 'phone number

She told him, and he went out to the

telephone; she sprang up to follow

him, but checked herself and merely

"I've wired to Buffalo," he an

nounced. "The Merchants' exchange

if it is still in existence, must have a

record of the presentation of the watch."

"Then you'll stay here with us until

"If we get a reply by tomorrow morn-

ing; I'll wait till then. If not, I'll ask

you to forward it to me. I must see

about the trains and get back to Frank

fort. I can cross by boat from there

to Manitowoc-that will be quickest.

We must begin there, by trying to find

She helped him put the muffler and

the other articles into the box; she no-

ticed that the wedding ring was no

longer with them. He had taken that,

then; it had meant to him all that she

In the morning she was up very

early; but Alan, the servants told ber,

had risen before she had and had gone

ern night, was chill. She slipped a

sweater on and went out on the veran-

da, looking about for him. An irides-

cent haze shrouded the hills and the

bay: in it she heard a ship's bell strike

twice; then another struck twice—then

another-and another-and another.

The haze thinned as the sun grew

warmer, showing the placid water of the bay on which the ships stood don-

ble. She saw Alan returning, and

knowing from the direction from which

he came that he naust have been to the

telegraph office, she ran to meet him.

engerly.

read.

"Was there an answer?" she inquired

He took a yellow telegraph sheet

from his pocket and held it for her to

"Watch presented Captain Caleb

Stafford, master of propeller freighte

Marvin Halch for rescue of crew and

She was breathing quickly in her ex-

passengers of sinking steamer Winne

citement. "Caleb Stafford!" she ex-

claimed. "Why, that was Captain Staf-

ford of Stafford and Ramedell! They

bago off Long point, Lake Erie."

owned the Miwaka!"

out. The morning, after the cool no

out who sent the package."

had known it must mean.

first thing that we must do."

waited until be came back.

of the telegraph office?"

an answer comes?"

Did we have to wait to get

but we can't tell how long before

it isn't six months or less than six

Eighteen-ninety -- 1894 -- 1889," size

were eroded, nearly gone in some

stances, but in every case enough

his pocket all have been more than

had believed that she was married

thrill of excitement.

twenty years old?"

front of him.

whispered.

then?

think this out !"

THE INDIAN DRUM

By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer

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CHAPTER XIII. -11-

The Owner of the Watch. "So they got word to you!" Con stance exclaimed; she seemed still confused. "Ob, no-of course they couldn't have done that! They've hardly got my letter yet."

"Your letter?" Alan asked, "I wrote to Blue Rapids," she explained. "Some things came-they were sent to me. Some things of Uncle Benny's which were meant for

you instead of me" "You mean you've heard from himy

No-not that,"

"What things, Miss Sherrill?"

"A watch of his and some coins and -a ring." She did not explain the significance of those things, and he could not tell from her mere enumeration of them and without seeing them father was dead. She could not inform him of that, she felt, just here

"I'll tell you about that later. Youyou were coming to Harbor Point to non tiny

He colored. "I'm afraid not. I got as near as this to you because there is a man-an Indian-I have to see." "An Indian! What is his name?

You see, I know quite a lot of them." "In Pape." She shook her hend, "No: I don't

know hom? She found a spot where the moss was revered with dry pine needles and

sat down upon the ground. "Sit down," she luvited; "I want you to tell me what you mive been do-

"Tre been on the beats." dropped down upon the moss beside "Until yesterday I was a not very highly honored member of the frew of the package freighter Oscoda; First her at Frankfort and came up

here. is Wassaguam with vog?"

"He wasn't on the Oscoda; but he he has gone back to his own peopleto Middle Village."

"You mean you've been looking for Mr. Corvet in that way?"

"Not exactly that." He hesitated; but he could see no reason for not telling what he had been doing. He had not so much hidden from her and her father what he and found in Benjamin Corvet's house; rather, be had refrained from mentioning it in his notes to them when he left Chicago because be had thought that the lists would lead to an immediate explanation: they had not led to that but only to a suggestion, indefinite vet. He had known that, if his search finally developed nothing more than it had, he must at last consult Sherrill and get

"We found some writing Miss Sherrill." he said, "in the house on Astor street that night after Luke came." "What writing?"

He took the lists from his pocket and showed them to her. She separated and looked through the sheets and read the names written in the same hand that had written the directions upon the slip of paper that came to her four days before with the things from Uncle Benny's pockets.

"My father had kept these very secretly," he explained. "He had them hidden. Wassaquam knew where they were, and that night after Luke was dead and you had gone home, he gave them to me."

"After I had gone home? Henry went back to see you that night; he



"Nothing Definite At All. None of Them Knew My Father."

had said he was going back, and after ward I asked him, and he told me he had seen you again. Did you show him these?"

"He mw them-yea." "He was there when Wassaquam bowed you where they were?"

A little line deepened between her

brows, and she sat thoughtful. So you have been going about a ag these people," she said.

"Nothing definite at all. None of the saw them? Would be be glad with them knew my father; they were only amazed to find that anyone in Chicago had known their names."

In her feeling for him, she had laid her hand upon his arm; now her fin gers tightened to sudden tenseness What do you mean?" she asked.

"Oh, it is not definite yet-not lear!" She felt the bitterness in his tone. "They have not any of them been able to make it wholly clear to me. It is like a record that has been -biurred. These original names must have been written down by my father many years ago-many, most of those people, I think-are deed; some are nearly forgotten. The only thing that is fully plain is that in every case my inquiries have led me to those who have lost one, and sometimes more than one relative upon the lakes."

Constance thrilled to a vague horthat they furnished proof that his ror; it was not anything to which she could give definite reason. His tone quite as much as what he said was its cause. His experience plainly had been forcing him to bifterness against his father; and he did not know with certainty yet that his father was dead.

"You'll lunch with us, of course," she said to Alan, "and then go back with us to Harbor Point. It's a day's journey around the two bays; but we've a boat here."

He assented, and they went down to the water where the white and brown power sucht, with iong graceful lines, my somnolectly in the sunlight. A littie boat took them out over the shim mering, smooth surface to the ship swells from a faraway freighter swept under the beautiful, burnished craft, causing it to roll larlly as they boarded it. A party of nearly a dozen men and girls with an older woman chaperoning them, lounged under the shade of an awning over the after deck They greeted her gally and booked curiously at Alan as she introduced

"Have you worked on any of our boats?" she asked him, after luncheon was with me at first. Now, I believe, had been finished, and the anchor of the slip had been raised.

> A queer expression came upon his "I've thought it heat not to do that, Miss Sherrill," he replied. She did not know why the next mo-

ment she should think of Henry. The yacht was pushing swiftly, smoothly, with hardly a hum from its motors, north slong the shore. He watched intently the roiling, wooded hills and the ragged little bays and inlets. His work and his investigatings had not brought him to the neighborbood before, but she found that she did not have to name the places to

"Grand Traverse light," he said to her as a white tower showed upon their left. Then, leaving the shore, they pushed out across the wide mouth of the larger bay toward Little Traverse. He grew more slient as they approached it.

him; he knew them from the charts.

"It is up there, isn't it." he asked. pointing, "that they bear the Drum?" Yes; how did you know the place?" "I don't know it exactly; I want you

She pointed out to him the copse, dark, primeval, blue in its contrast with the lighter green of the trees about it and the glistening white of the shingle and of the more distant sand bluffs. He leaned forward, staring at it, until the changed course of the yacht, as it swung about toward the entrance to the bay, obscured it.

to show me."

"Seeing the ships made me feel that I belonged here on the lakes," he reminded her. "I have felt somethingnot recognition exactly, but something that was like the beginning of recognition-many times this summer when I saw certain places. It's like one of those dreams, you know, in which you are conscious of having had the same dream before. I feel that I ought to

They landed only a few hundred yards from the cottage. After bidding good-by to her friends, they went up to it together through the trees There was a small sun room, rather shut off from the rest of the house, to which she led him. Leaving him there,

she ran upstairs to get the things. She haited an instant beside the door, with the box in her hands, before she went back to him, thinking how to prepare him against the significance of these relics of his father. She need not prepare him against the mere fact of his father's death; he had been beginning to believe that already; but these things must have far more meaning for him than merely that. She went in and put the box

down upon the card table. "The muffler in the box was your father's," she told him. "He had it on the day he disappeared. The other things," her voice choked a little, "are the things he must have had in his pockets. They've been lying in water and sand-"

He gazed at ber. "I understand," he said after an instant. "You mean that they prove his death."

She assented gently, without speak-ing. As he approached the box, she drew back from it and slipped away into the next room. She walked up and down there, pressing her hands ogether. He must be looking at the now, unrolling the muffer. What would be be feeling as

"Yes," Alan said. A great change had come over him since last night; he was under emetio no strong that he seemed scarcely to dare speak lest it master him—a leap-ing, exuitant impulse it was, which he fought to keep down.

What is it about the Miwaka? You said you'd found some reference to it in Uncle Benny's house. What was it? What did you find there?"

"The man-" Alan swallowed and steadied himself and repeated-"the man I met in the house that night mentioned it. He seemed to think I was a ghost that had haunted Mr. Corvet the ghost from the Miwaka; at least he shouted out to me that I couldn't save the Miwaka!"

"Save the Miwaka! What do you mean, Alan? The Miwaka was lost with all her people-officers and crew-no one knows how or where!"

"All except the one for whom the Drum didn't beat!"

"What's that?" Blood pricked in her cheeks. "What do you mean, Alan?" "I don't know yet; but I think I'll soon find out."

"No; you can tell me more now, Alan. Surely you can. I must know. I have the right to know. Yesterday, even before you found out about this, you knew things you weren't telling me-things about the people you'd been seeing. They'd all lost people on the lakes, you said; but you found out more than that."

"They'd all lost people on the Miwaka!" he said. "All who could tell me where their people were last; a



Save the Miwaka! What De You Mean, Alan!"

few were like Jo Papo we saw yesterday, who knew only the year his father was lost; but the time always was the time that the Miwaka disappeared!"

Disappeared she repeated. Her veins were pricking cold. What did he know, what could any one know of the Miwaka, the ship of which nothing ever was heard except the beating of the Indian Drum? She tried to make him say more; but he looked away now

"The Chippewa must have come in early this morning," he said. "She's lying in the barbor; I saw her on my way to the telegraph office. If Mr Spearman has come back with her, tell him I'm sorry I can't wait to see him."

"When are you going?" "Now

She offered to drive him to Petos key, but he already had arranged for a man to take him to the train.

She went to her room after he was gone and spread out again on her bed the watch-pow the watch of Captain Stafford of the Miwaka-with the knife and coins of more than twenty years ago which came with it. The meaning of them now was all changed she felt that; but what the new meaning might be could not yet come to her. Something of it had come to Alan ; that, undoubtedly, was what had so greatly stirred him; but she could not yet reassemble her ideas. Yet a few facts had become plain.

A maid came to say that Mr. Spearman had come up from his boat for breakfast with her and was downstairs. She went down to find Henry lounging in one of the great wicker chairs in the living room. He arose and came toward her quickly; but she halted before he could seize her.

"What's wrong, dear?" "Alan Conrad has been here, Henry.

"He has? How was that?" She told him while he watched he intently. "He wired to Buffalo about the watch. He got a reply which he brought to me half an hour ago."

"Yes?" "The watch belonged to Captain Stafford who was lost with the Miwaka, Henry."

He made no reply; but waited.

"You may not have known that it was his; I mean, you may not have known that it was he who rescued the people of the Winnebago, but you must have known that Uncle Benny didn't." "Yes; I knew that, Connie," he an-

swerd evenly. "Then why did you let me think the watch was his and that he must be-

"That's all's the matter? You had thought he was dead. I believed it was better for you-for every one-to be-

She drew a little away from him. with hands clasped behind her back, gazing intently at him. "There was some writing found in Uncle Benny's house in Astor street-a list of name of relatives of people who had lost their lives upon the lake. Wassaquam knew where those things were. Alan says they were given to him in your presence. Why didn't you tell me

He straightened as if with ange "Why should I? Because he thought that I should? What did he tell you

"What is it, Alan?" she asked found out they were names of people who had relatives on the Miwaka !"

> "What?" Recailing how her blood had run

when Alan had told her that, Henry's whiteness and the following suffusion of his face did not surprise her. "I told that fellow long ago not to start stirring these matters up about

Hen Corvet, and particularly I told him that he was not to bring any of it to you. It's not-s thing that a man like Hen covered up for twenty years till it drove him crazy is sure not to be a thing for a girl to know. Let it alone, I tell you.'

She stood flushed and perplexed, gazing at him. She never had seen him ander stronger emotion,

"You misunderstood me once, Connie!" he appealed. "You'll understand

me now! She had been thinking about that injustice she had done him in her thought-about his chivalry to his partner and former benefactor, when Uncle Henny was still keeping his place among men. Was Henry now moved, in a way which she could not understand, by some other obligation to the man who long ago had alded hlm? Had Henry hazarded more than he had told her of the nature of the thing hidden which, if she could guess it, would justify what he said?

She had made Alan promise to write her, if he was not to return, regarding what he learned; and a letter came to her on the fourth day from him in Manitowoc. The post office employees had no recollection, he said of the person who had mailed the package; it simply had been dropped by some one into the receptacle for mailing packages of that sort. Alan, however, was continuing his inquiries.

She wrote to him in reply: In lack of anything more important to tell him, she related some of her activities and inquired about his. After she had written him thus twice, he replied, describing his life on the boats pleasantly and humorously; then, though she immediately replied, she did not hear from him again.

A new idea had seized Constance. Captain Caleb Stafford was named smong the lost, of course; with him had perished his son, a boy of three, That was all that was said, and all that was to be learned of him, the Alan had been three then. This was

wild, crazy speculation. The ship was lost with all hands; only the Drum, believed in by the superstitfous and the most ignorant, denied that. The Drum said that one soul had been saved. How could a child of three have been saved when strong men, to the inst one, had perished? And, if he had been saved, he was Stafford's son, Why should Uncle Henny have sent him away and cared for him and then sent for him and, himself disappearing leave all he had to Stafford's mon ?

or was he Stafford's son? Her thought went back to the things which had been self-the things from a man's peckets with a wedding ring among them. She had believed that the ring cleared the mother's name; might it in reality only more involve Why had it come back like this to the man by whom, perhaps, it had been given? Henry's words came again and again to Constance: "It's a queer contern you've got for Ben. Leave it sione, I tell you? He knew then something about Uncle Benny which might have brought on some terrible thing which Henry did not know but might guess? Constance went weak within. Uncle Benny's wife had left him, she remembered. Was it better, after all, to "leave it alone?"

A telegraph envelope addressed to her father was on the table in the hall. A servant told her the message had come an hour before, and that he had telephoned to Mr. Sherrill's office, but Mr. Sherrill was not in. There was no reason for her thinking that the message might be from Alan except bis presence to her thoughts, but she went at once to the telephone and called her father. He was in now, and be directed her to open the message and read it to him.

"Have some one," she read aloud; she choked in her excitement at what came next-"Have some one who knew Mr. Corvet well enough to recognize him, even if greatly changed, meet Carferry Number 25 Manitowoo Wednesday this week. Alan Conrad."

Her heart was beating fast. "Are rou there?" she said into the phone. "Yes."

"Whom shall you send?"

There was an instant's silence. shall go myself," her father said.

She hung up the receiver. Had Alan found Uncle Benny? He had found, apparently, some one whose resemblance to the picture she had showed him was marked enough to make him believe that person might be Benjamin Corvet; or he had heard of some one who, from the account he had received, he thought might be. She read again the words of the telegram . . . if greatly changed !" and she felt startling and terrifying warning in that

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oldest United States Post Office Erected in 1568, the post office build-ing at St. Augustine, Fla., is believed to be the oldest structure of the kind in the country. According to official records in the "Archives of the Indies," at Seville, Spain, the building was purchased by the king of Spain in 1604 from Gonsalo, Mendes, former governor of Florida, who erected it. The place was purchased from Mender for \$10,000 as a residence for Gov. Pedro de Yderra and his successor. In requesting that the purchase be made, Governor Yderra wrote the king that the house in which he lived was built over the sen, and was so cold and damp that two fermer governors had died in ft.

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Of Another Race.

Mrs. Subbuts had hired a green country girl whose looks reflected the benefit of plenty of fresh air and wholesome country food. One morning Mrs. Subbubs entered the kitchen just after the grocer's boy had been there and she said to the girl, "Why. Heater, what a rosy, happy face you have this morning. You look as if the dew had kinned you."

Heater's face grew still ruster and

ber eyes sought the fiver. "Please in," she murmured, "he isn't · Jew, his name is Michael.



A Lone Exception Somebudy is always offering to make you rich."

That's a fact," said the crednious ettipen. "But did a man ever attempt to

make you take cold cash without having a string tied to his offer?" "Only once, but after his keeper had called me uside and explained the situation, I handed it back."-Bir

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